The Story So Far:

Whatever it was that attacked *The Mighty Honker* as Sue flew through the Kingsport mists, it wasn't something likely to have an entry in the Spotter's Guide to American Birds. The horned, bat-like creature must have been ten feet from snout to tail, with a wingspan of triple that, but it somehow moved more like it belonged in the deep sea than in the skies. Sue was too busy wrestling with the controls to get a good look at it, but the monster's talons tore up the flaps pretty good, and a few blows from its leathery wings put the landing gear well and truly out of action.

There was no sign of the creature when the *Honker* finally made an extremely rough bellylanding in the field behind an abandoned farm, but Sue wasn't about to let the creature get away. That plane had been her best friend for six years, and she was damned if this undignified landing was going to go unanswered. Whatever the hell the flying beast was, it would pay for its act of vandalism.

Sue unpacked the survival kit from the mangled fuselage, tended to her own minor injuries, slung her M1 Garand over her shoulder, and set off along the track. A rotted wooden signpost read 'Arkham, 2 Miles'. Sue had heard of that particular township, and its sinister and eerie reputation suddenly made a lot more sense.

The Story So Far:

When the grains of the desert could still remember the shape of their stones and the dust of the soil could still recall the taste of life, she ruled the kingdom.

No name did she accept, for one of royal ascent never requires a name. She said, and it was done. And if her realm were small, what of it? Her people were happy, their stomachs were full and their children prosperous.

Yet a plague set upon the world, a roiling mass of scarabs and locusts, a cloud of such vast proportions that its immensity threatened to cast the sun from the sky and forever supplant it with the darkness of night.

"What is this pestilence that festers in the lands of Egypt, that sets such envious eyes upon my realm?"

"Your Majesty, the golden scarab has set forth upon the Earth. The Dark Pharaoh walks and the waters of the Nile run red with the blood of innocents."

"Then we must oppose him."

"There is but one way, Majesty. No candle can burn without smoke, and yours is a light that shines so brightly that much smoke must follow in its wake. Your life is intimately bound to this plague. So you must bind yourself to the soil and the sand. As the demon ravages the realm, so shall it draw you down, but as your candle grows dim, so shall its power diminish."

"Then so shall it be." She said, and it was done.

















